

Babe

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Snotlout

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-05-29 00:24:52

Updated: 2014-05-29 00:24:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:54:47

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,284

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Just a small one-shot of a theory of how Astrid came to calling Hiccup 'babe'. I hope you enjoy it. Read and favorite and review, if you want!

Babe

Clang, clang, clang...

Hiccup was working at the forge, finishing up on orders. Astrid was standing by, leaning on the frame of the window. They'd stopped talking since he'd begun working. Astrid couldn't help but wonder about something, through the silence. It had been on her mind forever, but she never could get to asking him about it. It was strange, really, she was usually so straightforward, focused, blunt. But, right at that moment, she was only focused. And focused on something that she should have asked Hiccup a rather long time ago. So, after half an hour of silence, she spoke up.

"Does it bother you?"

"What are you talking about?" Hiccup asked, continuing his work on the current sword he was working on. The Hairy Hooligans sure knew how to ruin a good sword - overuse it, chip it, leave it and have it accidentally be turned into a dragon's chew toy... the list went on and on like that.

"You know very well what I'm talking about, Hiccup." she said, frustrated. Of course, she should have been frustrated. Of course he didn't know what she was talking about.

"No, I don't. Do I get a hint or something? A name?"

"Snotlout."

"Oh... that..." The pace of his work slowed a little, as he realized what she wanted to talk about, but soon got back into the rhythm.

"Yes, that. Now answer my question." she pressed on, impatient.

"Well... I don't know, I guess...? More like just bugs me. I don't really care." he said, shrugging and shaking his head. He didn't really want to talk about it.

"If it bugs you, that means you care." She didn't have time for him avoiding her questions.

"Astrid, believe me, I don't care. Honest." he lied.

She eyed him sceptically before saying: "You know, it's when you say 'honest' after saying something, when I don't believe you."

"Well then, that's your problem."

"Oh, come on, Hiccup!" she said, sighing exasperatedly. "Admit it! It does bother you!"

"What's your proof?" he stalled.

"You clench your hands tighter around whatever you're holding the moment he does it, you glare at what you're looking at the moment he does it, you tense up entirely the moment he does it... need I go on?"

Hiccup stopped his work, it was finished anyhow, any more and it would have been thin as paper and as breakable as a twig, and sighed, realizing that she wouldn't let him be any time soon unless he admitted to his annoyance.

"Right now, **\*\*you're\*\*** bothering me."

"Hiccup..." Astrid said, in much whinier and needy tone than she'd wanted it to come out.

"Alright, alright..." he said and put away the sword, along with the other weaponry. He then walked over to the window where Astrid was and leaned back, crossing his arms.

"Okey, so maybe it bothers me just a little bit... or a lot bit... okey, it irritates me. But it's not like I can do anything about it. I myself sure as Hel am not going to be able to do anything and, if I send Toothless on him, I'm sure I'll be hearing from both my dad and Spitelout."

"Hey, I'm not asking you to fight Snotlout - though, it would be pretty awesome. All I asked for was for you to admit it bothers you." she said placing a hand on his shoulder.

"And why, if I may ask, did you ask me to do that?"

"Well, the first step of getting rid of a problem is to admit there is a problem, isn't it?"

"True, true. So what's your solution?"

"I... haven't gotten to that part yet..."

Hiccup lightly laughed and said: "I'm sure you'll think of some solution. Either way, I'm sure you'll end up punching him at least once today."

"That I am."

There was a moment of silence before that silence was disrupted by, what both Hiccup and Astrid call, 'The Most Annoying Voice On Berk'.

"Hey, Astrid, babe!"

"Here we go again..." Hiccup groaned and leaned off of the window frame.

"Hiccup, I take back what I said."

Hiccup gave her a quizzical look and Astrid sighed.

"About me punching Snotlout. Though, he might end up crying at the end of the day anyhow."

"Yeah, I'm currently internally freaking out, because usually you have to punch someone to make them cry."

"Don't worry."

"Astrid!"

"Just go with it."

She turned around to see Snotlout already at the forge.

"What is it, Snotlout?"

"I came for my rematch. The sun was in my eyes, Astrid. You want me to turn off the sun - I can do that."

"Snotlout, if you haven't noticed, there are no rematches for Dragon Racing. You're gonna have to wait until next week."

"Oh, come on, babe-"

"And another thing - don't call me 'babe'. You know I'm dating Hiccup, right? Or did that drop out of your mind just like everything else?"

"But that's our thing."

"We don't have a thing."

"Astrid..." Snoutlout whined.

She rolled her eyes and sighed exasperatedly.

"Alright, tell you what - no rematch in Dragon Racing, but instead a

nice, pummeling fight - axe to hammer. What do you say?"

"If you're prepared to lose." he scoffed.

Astrid took out her axe and looked at it for a while before smirking and handing it over to Hiccup.

"It's a little dull. Can't have a fight with a dull weapon - bad luck. Mind sharpening it for me?"

"Yeah, I mean, no, I don't mind." he said and took it over to the sharpening wheel.

He was about to start when Astrid casually added: "Thanks, babe."

Hiccup almost dropped the axe in hand when she said that. Snotlout on the other hand started whining again.

"Astrid!"

"Hm?"

"Don't call him that, it's our thing!"

"What? Does it bother you?"

"Yes!"

"Good. Then I know it works."

Hiccup gave Astrid a quizzical look and mouthed slowly: "What the...?" Astrid simply shrugged and smirked. Snoutlout, however, was literally on the verge of tears and muttered some kind of excuse under his breath before running off.

After a while of silence, Hiccup spoke up.

"So... 'babe'? Seriously?"

"Hey, you have a nickname for me, I didn't have one for you, Mr. Annoying here came and now I call you 'babe'." Hiccup was about to say something, but she continued: "Two reasons, first, I already said it, I didn't have a nickname for you. Second, it annoys Snotlout, so that's a plus."

"So am I now stuck with that or are you only going to use that when Mr. Annoying's around?" he asked, walking over to her.

"Definitely stuck with it."

"Well, it's not the worst you could have given me. Could have given me 'Hic'."

"Well, what's wrong with 'Hic'?"

"I hate that. Don't even ask why - as far as you're concerned, I just do."

"Alright, alright. I won't pester you with it."

A few moments of silence...

"So are you going to sharpen my axe or not?"

Hiccup chuckled and shook his head.

"Yeah, yeah, on it."

"Thanks, babe." she smiled and planted a quick kiss on his cheek.

"I'll come pick it up later, 'key?"

"Okey. I'll see you later, Milady." he said, returning the favor with a small grin.

That dork's grin was going to be the death of her one of these days.

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